

## Liar, Liar, Skirts on Fire

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## Liar, Liar, Skirts on Fire

by [KroLiev](#)

### Summary

James wants Severus to wear the school's girl uniform. Severus isn't thrilled about the idea...

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Severus took a quick look at the pieces of fabric Potter had handed him.

"I see, you've clearly gone mad... I'm obviously not going to wear that," his voice hitched involuntarily at the end of the sentence. Potter's smile just grew larger. "It's preposterous... absurd".

"Come ooon," whined Potter, "you would look so cute in it-"

"I'm not a GIRL!" he threw the pile of clothes in Potter's face hoping to get rid of that stupid smile. What was he thinking? Why was he asking him to put on the girls school uniform?

"I'm leaving," He shouldered his bag and started to walk to the door of the abandoned classroom they were in. He hurried, hearing Potter's quick footsteps behind him. When he was about to open the door Potter's inevitable chest pressed against his back, caging him with his arms left and right, hot breath tickling the skin of his throat, sending shivers down his spine. He hated that his body reacted like that. Betrayed him. He turned, facing Potter who didn't budge an inch.

"I'm not doing it," he tried his best to make his statement sound final, but failed miserably when Potter settled his flat palm between his legs and he felt his body lean into the familiar touch.

"I promise you're gonna like it," he said grinning and moving closer, nuzzling Severus's neck. Potter smelled like he'd been out in the spring sun all day, sweaty and warm. Like the grass and earth on the shore of the lake. „I'll make sure you're gonna like it, don't worry..."

The sheer arrogance of James Potter made him press his lips shut in annoyance. Always so certain of being in the right, being better than everyone else. So certain that everyone will agree with him if he only put on a charming smile. A certainty stemming from years of getting away with everything, of never being told no.

He wanted to push him away and leave, tell him "no", teach him for once that he can't just get whatever he wanted.

But by then Potters tongue started tracing circles over a particularly sensitive spot right beneath his ear, making Severus's eyes flutter shut and tilting his head to the side, reluctantly granting Potter more access. Damn him. He tried to get his head straight, he wouldn't let him win so easily. Couldn't.

"Just let me go," he pushed Potter away and immediately regretted the loss of contact, wanting to pull him back, his skin crawling, itching to be touched.

But Potter took a step back. He looked inconvenienced more than anything else, like when teachers make him sit apart from his friends while they're definitely scheming something, like he knows that he is getting his way in the end, and he just has to deal with a minor nuisance. He threw his head back looking at the ceiling and taking a deep breath in.

"I think I'm playing very nice... So why can't you just go along with me here?"

He should have left. But instead, against his better judgement he walked up to Potter and shoved him.

"Because you're a spoiled, arrogant brat, Potter! You're so accustomed to the whole fucking world bending over backwards for you! Why. Should. I?" Severus punctuated every word with another shove. Potter let him. He didn't even deny Snapes accusations, instead he looked pouty, back pressed against the blackboard.

"Because I asked nicely?" Potter shrugged, looking quite non-chalant about the whole discussion. Severus wanted to reply that, actually, no, he didn't even ask, he only ever assumed. Like he'd always do. But Potter, noticing his expression, probably guessed that he answered wrong.

"Come on, Snape, don't look at me like that..." Potter took his hand and lifted it up to his mouth, letting his lips brush over his palm, kissing his wrist. "Ok... maybe I didn't really ask nicely," Potter pulled him closer placing a light kiss on Severus's lips, which definitely did not make his stomach twist a little bit. "So please, please will you wear this schoolgirl uniform for me?" another light kiss, "I really think it would look cute on you. And I really think you would enjoy it..."

Severus wanted to protest, that he will most definitely NOT look cute, but was interrupted again by a soft kiss, a mere touch of lips on lips.

"And if you really hate it and want to stop, you can take it off... ok?" this time after he kissed him again he let his lips linger in anticipation, waiting for Severus to answer.

"Fine. You insufferable prat," Severus huffed, "I'll wear it..." He didn't know why he'd let Potter sweet-talk him into things, but then Potter would smile at him so genuinely happy and it kind of

felt nice, and he'd decide that later would be soon enough to worry about his obvious lack of judgement and restraint.

Potter skipped back to the teacher's desk he was previously sitting on, to go and pick up the clothes. Severus hadn't moved from his spot.

"You won't laugh," it sounded more like a question than the demand it was supposed to be. Somewhere deep inside of him still lingered a fear that this was all some elaborate and horrible prank.

He was pretty sure it wasn't.

He really hoped it wasn't.

But the thought was still there nagging at the back of his head. Even though Potter stopped hexing him in the corridors a while ago. Hadn't actually called him Snivellus in months. Potter looked surprised,

"of course I won't laugh at you."

"Swear it," he insisted. Potter clutched his hands dramatically to his chest.

"You hurt me Snape, don't you trust me?"

Severus didn't think it necessary to answer such an obvious question, but with a raised eyebrow.

"Merlin, I swear. Here-" He threw the bundle of clothes back at Snape, "now put it on," he hesitated and then added, "please."

Severus walked over to one of the nearby desks and laid the offending pieces of fabric on it. Looking over his shoulder at Potter, one would have thought the idiot just stumbled into Honeydukes for the first time. He looked giddy. Not endearing at all. Obviously. Not even a little bit.

He shrugged off his coat, folded it and laid it over a chair.

"Don't look," Severus demanded before he continued to unbutton his trousers. Potter lay back on the teacher's desk, compliant, legs still dangling happily back and forth.

"As you command, princess," he replied smiling as he threw his arms over his eyes.

Now that Severus finally didn't feel as watched, he took the time to inspect the pile of clothes a little further. Well, there was the skirt, which seemed to be only half the length of what was school policy. Of course.

For a brief second he wondered if Potter actually researched sewing charms to hem the skirt himself. He decided it better not to dwell on that as he pulled the skirt over his legs.

It felt weird, too naked, too much room for his legs to brush against each other, too much skin where there should be fabric. This was idiotic.

Left were a pair of knee high dark grey stockings and -

"You're not serious..." Severus said, holding up a pair of white panties between his fingers. Potter actually snickered, face still dutifully buried under his arms.

"I'm not wearing girl's underwear!"

"You agreed. Stop being so melodramatic."

"They won't fit. They're not made to fit... a guy. There is something wrong with you if you think -" Potter huffed loudly.

"Look, just... just do it. Okay?" Potter was throwing his hands around, gesturing while trying to search for words apparently, "for me? For once... please?" Severus made to look up at the ceiling, wondering what was wrong with him, exasperated by how easily he let himself be persuaded by this complete idiot. The thought was quickly driven out of his head when Potter added, as an afterthought, "Also, they are going to fit perfectly. Nice and snug against that glorious dick of yours."

"I hope you choke on it and die then," Severus bit back between clenched teeth while pulling the panties on. Potter only chuckled softly, unaffected.

The panties felt weird and uncomfortable compared to his usual underwear, but they did fit. As did the stockings, he discovered as he pulled them up his legs. He hated it. He hated Potter for humiliating him like this. He hated the fact that Potter somehow knew his body so well that he could just guess what would fit him. The skirt was too short, the stockings felt too tight on his skin. Potter was going to take one look at him in this stupid outfit and start laughing. He felt ridiculous. His face felt hot. His cock twitched unhelpfully.

Resigning himself to the inevitable, he took a deep breath, meaning to let Potter know that he could look now, but found himself unable to bring himself to say a word.

He stood there, tongue feeling heavy in his mouth, clenching his fists. He tried again,

"you..." his voice was off and his heart caught in his throat. "You can look now," he forced out, too fast and almost stumbling over his words.

"Finally. Merlin! Do you always take this long to get dressed?" Potter removed his arms from his face and sat up eagerly. And then, Potter simply stared at him for a few slowly trickling by seconds. Severus couldn't stand it and averted his head to the side, trying hard to concentrate on the dark wood panelling of the wall. He suddenly felt warm, too aware of his body. Potter didn't start laughing though; he actually didn't say anything for a while. Severus felt more and more uncomfortable by the second, he tried not to fidget, burying his fingernails in his palms, a futile attempt to calm down. He could almost feel Potter's stare crawling all over his body. The panties were starting to feel tighter he realized with dismay. There was no way he was getting turned on by this, he thought desperately.

"This is humiliating," he said, heart hammering in his throat, gripping the hem of his skirt with both hands at his sides to resist hiding his face in them.

"It's... you look...cute" Potters voice sounded far away. Like he just woke up in the middle of the night. "Come here."

When Severus looked back at Potter he noticed the blush creeping up his neck, his lips slightly parted, eyes fixed on him, unable to look away. He approached him, not knowing what to say or how to move but at least reassured by the fact that Potter obviously wasn't going to erupt in a mean spirited laughing fit and pat himself on the shoulder for a prank well done.

Eyes still fixed on Severus, he took his wand and pointed it at the desk he was sitting on, transfiguring it, with a by now well practiced nonverbal spell, into a cosy bed. Severus wanted to call him out for being a show off, but by then he was no more than an arm's length away from Potter, who quickly closed the distance by grabbing Severus by the hem of his shirt and tugging him close, wrapping his arms around Severus lower back and pressing his face into his belly.

"Merlin, you look hot." Potter muffled into his button down shirt.

"You're being ridiculous." Severus scoffed down at the top of Potter's curly head. Severus felt Potters deep sigh spreading over his stomach. He lifted his head up, smiling.

"Do you have to be so contrarian all the time?" And before he could answer, he felt eager hands wandering from his back over his waist to the front, shoving under his shirt, lifting it with one hand and letting the other hand continue touching him. Severus felt his cock twitch as Potter started to place kisses all over his naked stomach. Teeth gracing over his ribs. Tongue tracing his hip bones. Rough fingers clutching between fabric and skin.

Maybe this wasn't too bad.

His apprehension was slowly fading as Potters hands drifted lower, brushing over the skirt and caressing his bare legs.

He let his hands travel right to where the stockings started, then traced slowly back up, slipping easily underneath the skirt almost reaching his arse, before running his fingers back down the inside of his thighs. Up and down, trying to explore every inch of naked skin he could. Potter swallowed audibly.

"I told you... I knew it would suit you... just look at those pretty legs."

He continued rubbing and squeezing up and down Severus's exposed legs, making Severus knees almost buckle whenever deft fingertips came particularly close to touching his by now leaking cock. He couldn't stand it much longer. Potter must have noticed too, because the next time his fingers stopped right at the seam of the panties letting his thumbs fondle the line separating skin from fabric.

He tilted his head up looking at Severus, hands still.

"Lift up your skirt."

"Potter..." Severus actually didn't know what to say. His head full of fog. He knew he wanted to protest and argue. Just out of principle. Just to spare a little of his pride. But he also wanted Potter to touch his dick already. He really, really wanted Potter to touch his dick.

"Come on, show me those cute little panties you're wearing."

"Potter..." his voice was trembling, "This is too embarrassing."

Potters thumbs started to move again. Slow, almost reassuring touches up and down beside his panties.

"Stop overthinking everything. Just do what I say..."

Severus couldn't stand being patronized by Potter. Usually. But right now his brain couldn't really focus on much more than those damn fingers on his upper thighs lazily toying around the elastic rim of his underwear. The thought of just doing what Potter demanded of him didn't seem like the worst idea...

Hesitantly Severus nodded then he looked away as he bunched up the front of his skirt and lifted it up, giving Potter full view of his aching hard dick, straining against those damn panties. He felt like this must be the most humiliating thing he had ever experienced. The fact that it was somehow turning him on, a lot, was disconcerting. To say the least.

But before he could change his mind, Potters tongue was firmly pressed against the base of his dick. Breathing in deeply, licking over the soft cotton fabric. Enthusiastic kisses up his shaft. The scratching of teeth making Severus head fall back. Making him struggle to stay standing. Breathy moans escaped him which sounded too loud in the empty classroom. He buried one of his hands in Potters unruly curls, pressing him closer, making Potter hum contently against his crotch. The front of the panties became drenched with pre-come and Potters saliva, it felt warm and wet and tight and it was slowly driving him mad. He wanted more. Needed Potter's tongue on his bare flesh. He let go of the skirt, wanting to get both hands on Potters head but at that moment Potter leaned back. Lips red and swollen he looked up at him smirking. Severus made a mortifying mewling sound mourning the loss of contact, shifting his hips forward. Needy, trying to push Potters head back between his legs. But Potter braced himself, putting his hands against Severus's legs.

"Please... Potter."

"Keep lifting up that skirt," Potter said voice low and heavy.

Glaring down, Severus took his hands off Potters head and lifted his skirt back up. But Potter kept sitting at arm's length, studying him.

"Look at you all wet and hard for me..." He glanced up, locking eyes with Severus for a moment, which made his ears burn. Potter leaned forward giving his dick a soft kiss and leaning back again as soon as Severus hips bucked. "So needy..." He leaned forwards again and placed another kiss right on the tip, holding his hips steady. Severus let out a frustrated moan.

"I told you those panties are going to fit nicely. Look how snug they cling to your pretty cock," Potter traced his fingertips lightly over the fabric a few times until his cock started to twitch almost painfully, then pulling back again.

"You are getting off on it aren't you? Maybe I should just let you cum in them, they are pretty

much ruined anyway..."

It was driving him mad, he was getting so close before and now Potter was toying with him. Standing and holding his skirt up for Potter to bury his face in his crotch was a thousand times less embarrassing than this right now, Potter simply studying him. Patiently observing how he was aching to be touched. He felt embarrassment mix with arousal, heating his cheeks and making his stomach twist.

"You really are adorable Snape," he let his hands wander over Severus's legs again. Avoiding his crotch altogether. This was torture.

"Potter..."

"Hmm?" Potter looked up, all innocent.

"Please..." he bunched up the fabric in his fists. Hating this. Hating that he was playing along with Potter, begging him. Hating how Potter always made him say all these things. And most of all hating how, in some twisted, perverted way, he liked it.

"Will you just suck me off already, for Salazar's sake!" And before he could worry about anything more, Potter pulled down his panties and tugged him onto the bed. Severus didn't even have time to analyse how willing he spread his knees, when he was put on his back, before Potter swallowed his dick whole, all the way down until his nose was buried in his pubic hair. For a second he stopped breathing. Potters mouth overwhelming all his other senses. He already knew he wouldn't last long. He could only try to savour every second.

Potters mouth was silky and hot and wet and so deliciously tight. It was pure bliss, pushing every other thought out of his mind. His eyes lost focus as Potter swallowed around him. He tangled both his hands in Potters dark curls. Pushing him deeper down his cock.

"Fuck..." He breathed out, keeping Potters head down for a few seconds before he started to push his hips up and down. He couldn't hold back his moans anymore while Potter let him fuck his throat as hard and fast as he could, considering he was lying on his back. He saw Potter's hand slip down between his own legs. He was palming his own dick through his trousers. It didn't take long before Severus stomach started to twist itself in tight knots and his thighs started to shake. He felt his muscles contracting hard and long in anticipation of a fast approaching release. The edge came rushing in and he didn't care to slow down. Didn't care that he was filling the room with nonstop moans and pleas. Didn't care how hard his hands were clutching and tugging Potters hair. He was panting. Hips moving in erratic thrust. His world reduced to the building pleasure in his cock. He looked down at Potter, admiring how he was taking his dick so hungrily down his throat. But it was the way Potter was palming himself so desperately through all of it, that sent him over the edge. Orgasm crashed hard and fast over him. Back arching, toes curling, his cock twitching deep in Potters throat. He squeezed his eyes shut. White shapes were popping around the dark canvas of his eyelids. Trying to hold onto the too quickly fading sensations of complete satisfaction in every bone of his body. A few seconds later his muscles relaxed, cold air hitting his spent cock as it was slipping out of Potters mouth.

He was melting back into the soft mattress, still blissed out as he watched Potter propping himself up on one arm. Hand pressed on top of Severus thigh. Fingers digging painfully into his flesh. Potters other hand was stroking his own dick furiously, trousers shoved down his knees, eyes fixed on Severus face. A few tight fist jerks later Potter came hard, face scrunched up. Accompanied

by a nonstop stream of whispered words of "Fuck... Sev... so fucking hot..." Cum shooting all over Severus stomach and the bunched up skirt around his waist.

Potter let himself collapse onto Severus, breathing hard. Both half naked and too content to bother moving. Potters weight was heavy on his chest, comforting. He slid one hand over Potters shoulder, absentmindedly stroking his skin and playing with the hair on the nape of his neck until he felt Potters heartbeat against his own chest slow down.

"Told you, you would like it," Potter murmured. Voice raw and somehow still sounding way to satisfied with himself, as always.

"Who says I did?"

"Are you seriously trying to tell me you didn't like it?" Potter propped himself back up, locking eyes with Severus.

"Yes. I hated it and I still hate you, Potter," despite his words, Severus gripped the nape of Potters neck and tucked him back down onto his chest, fingers resuming to trace through Potters curls.

"You're such a liar, Snape!" Potters smile pressed against his collar bone.

For a while Severus listened to the rhythm of their combined breathing, until he finally sighed and agreed.

"Guess I am..."

## End Notes

Hope you had fun reading!

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